

War. And yet the worthy deedes that *Yorke* hath done,
Should make him worthy to be honored here.

Suff. Peace headstrong *Warwicke*.

War. Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

Suff. Because here is a man acculde of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of *Yorke* do cleare himselfe.
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

Enter the Armourer and his man.

If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accused his master
of high Treason, and his words were these.

That the duke of *Yorke* was law ful heire vnto the crowne, and
that your grace was an vsurper.

Yorke I beseech your grace let him haue what punishment
the law will afford, for his villany.

King. Come hither fellow, didst thou speake these words?

Armor. An't shal please your maiesty, I neuer said any such
matter, God is my witnesse, I am falsly accused by this villaine
here.

Peter Tis no matter for that, you did say so.

Yorke I beseech your grace let him haue the law.

Armor. Alas my Lord, hang me if euer I spake these words,
my accuser is my prentise, and when I did correct him for his
fault the other day, he did vow vpon his knees that he would
be euen with me, I haue good witnesse of this, and therefore
I beseech your maiesty do not cast away an honest man for a
villaines accusation.

King Vnckle *Gloster*, what do you thinke of this?

Humph. The law my Lord is this by case, it rests suspitious,
That a day of combate be appointed,
And there to trie each others right or wrong,
Which shall be on the thirtieth of this month,
With Eben staues, and Standbags combating
In Smithfield, before your Royall Maiesty.

exit Humphrey.

Armor. And I accept the combate willingly.

Peter. Alas my Lord, I am not able to fight.

Suff. You must either fight sirra, or else be hangde:

Goe

Go take him hence againe to prison.

The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the *Dutches* of
a boxe on the eare.

Queene Giue me my gloue, why minion can you
She strikes her.

I crie you mercy Madame, I did mistake,
I did not thinke it had beene you.

Elnor. Did you not, prowd French-woman,
Could I come neare your daintie visage with my nail
I de set my ten commandements in your face.

King Be pacient gentle Aunt,
It was against her will.

Elnor Against her will! good King, shee le dandle th
If thou wilt alwaies thus be rulde by her:
But let it rest, as sure as I do liue,
She shall not strike dame *Elnor* vnreuengde.

exit Elnor

King Beleue me my loue, thou wert much too blar
I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,
My noble vnckle had beene here in place.

Enter Duke Humphrey

But see where he comes, I am glad he met her not:
Vnckle *Gloster*, what answere makes your grace
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France?
Whom thinke you your grace is meetest for to send?

Humph. My gracious Lord, then this is my resolute,
For that these words the Armourer doth speake,
Doth breede suspition on the part of *Yorke*,
Let *Somer* set be Regent ouer the French,
Till trial's made, and *Yorke* may cleere himselfe.

King. Then be it so my Lord of *Somer* set,
We make your grace Regent ouer the French,
And to defend our rights gainst forraine foes,
And so do good vnto the Realme of France,
Make haster my Lord, tis time that you were gone,
The time of truce I thinke is full expirde.

Somer. I humbly thanke your royall maiesty,